Vol. VII
of X

V FOR VENDETTA

By Alan Moore
and David Lloyd

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Suggested
For Mature
Readers

V FOR VENDETTA™

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V FOR VENDETTA 7
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"MY NAME IS EVE HAMMOND.
"ON THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER, 1997, I WAS ABDUCTED BY THE TERRORIST KNOWN AS CODENAME 'V' AND THEN TAKEN AGAINST MY WILL TO AN UNKNOWN LOCATION.
"ONCE THERE, I WAS SYSTEMATICALLY BRAINWASHED BY MEANS OF DRUGS AND TORTURE, BOTH PHYSICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL.
"I WAS FREQUENTLY SUBJECTED TO SEXUAL ABUSE DURING THIS PERIOD.
"EVENTUALLY I WAS TERRORIZED INTO HELPING HIM COMMIT MURDERS.
"THESE INCLUDED THE UNLAWFUL KILLINGS OF MR. ROGER DASCOMBE, MR. DEREK ALMOND, DR. DELIA SURRIDGE AND THE REVEREND ANTONY LILLIMAN, BISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.
"I ALSO UNDERTOOK THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF MR. PETER CREEDY.
"I, THE UNDERSIGNED, SWEAR THAT THE ABOVE STATEMENT IS GENUINE, AND THAT IT WAS NOT SIGNED BY MEANS OF INTIMIDATION."
WE'D LIKE YOU TO SIGN THAT FOR US, MISS HAMMOND.
WHERE WE'VE PUT THE LITTLE CROSS...
NO.
AS YOU WISH.
ESCORT MISS HAMMOND BACK TO HER CELL, ROSSITER. WHERE SHE WILL WAIT WHILE YOU ARRANGE A WET DETAIL OF SIX MEN.
...THEN TAKE HER OUT BEHIND THE CHEMICAL SHEDS AND SHOOT HER.
CHAPTER 12
THE VERDICT

IT'S TIME...

... UNLESS YOU WANT TO CHANGE YOUR MIND.
SIGN THAT STATEMENT. YOU COULD BE OUT INSIDE THREE YEARS. PERHAPS THEY'D FIND YOU A JOB WITH THE FINGER...
A LOT OF YOUR SORT GET WORK WITH THE FINGER.

THANK YOU...
BUT I'D RATHER DIE BEHIND THE CHEMICAL SHEDS.

THEN THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO THREATEN WITH, IS THERE?
YOU ARE FREE.

WHAT..?

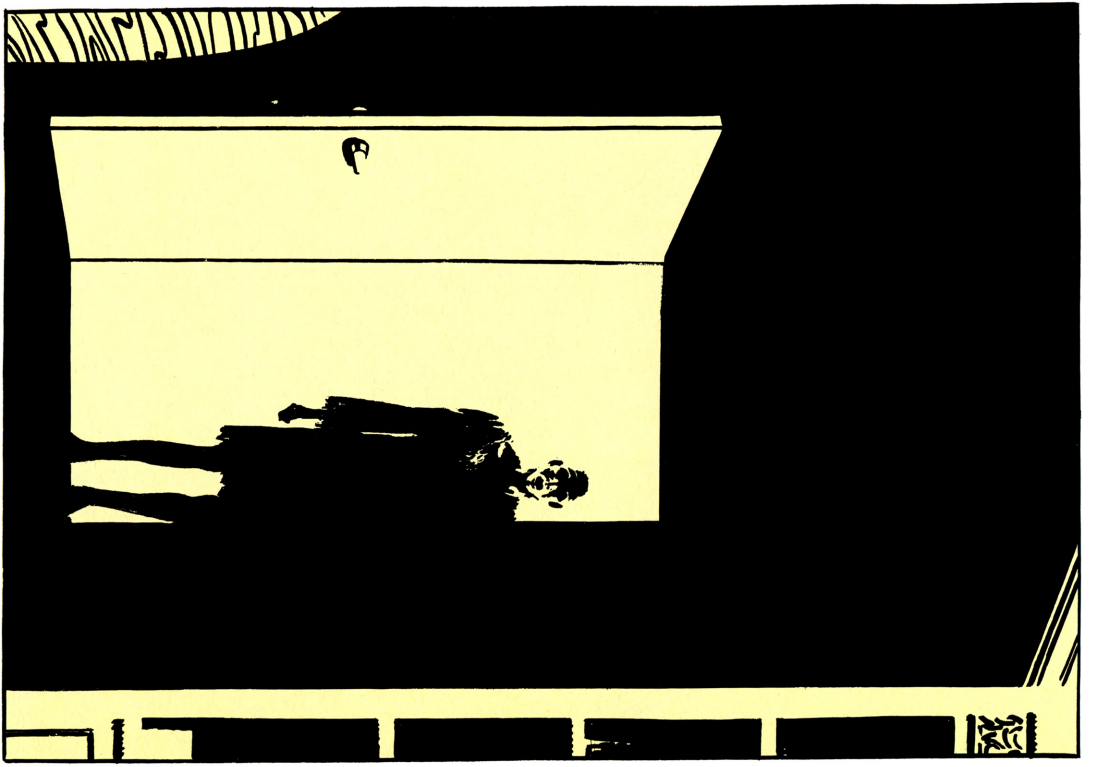
REN
HROUG
URITY
URITY
HROUGH
FAITH

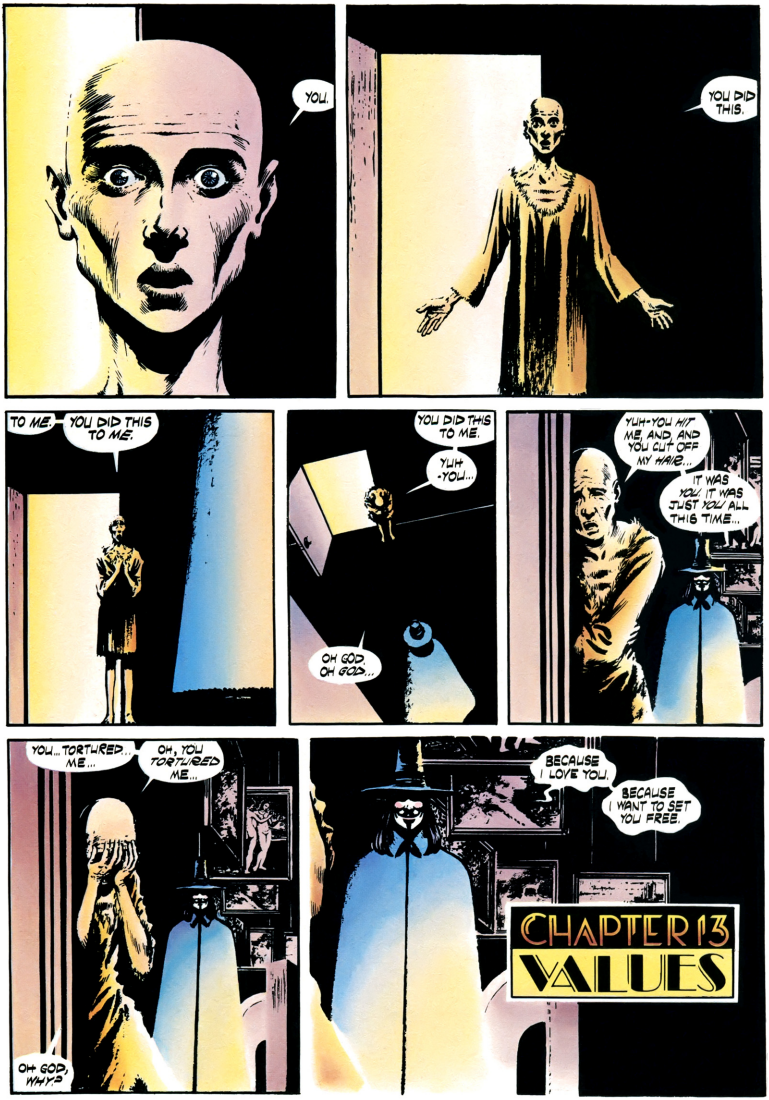
--LIKE YOU TO SIGN THAT FOR US, MISS HAMMOND. WHERE WE'VE PUT THE LITTLE CROSS...

AS YOU WISH.
ESCORT MISS HAMMOND BACK TO HER CELL, ROSSITER, WHERE SHE WILL WAIT WHILE YOU ARRANGE A WET DETAIL OF SIX MEN.

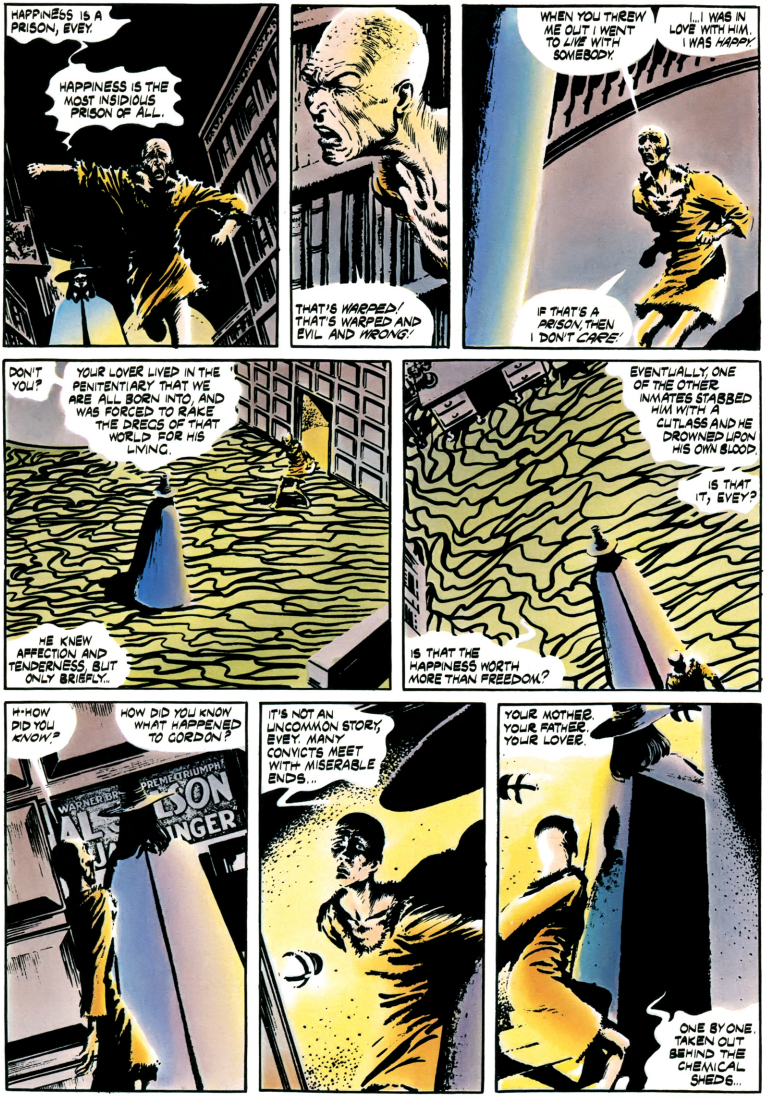
THEN TAKE HER OUT BEHIND THE CHEMICAL SHEDS AND SHOOT HER.

WELCOME HOME.



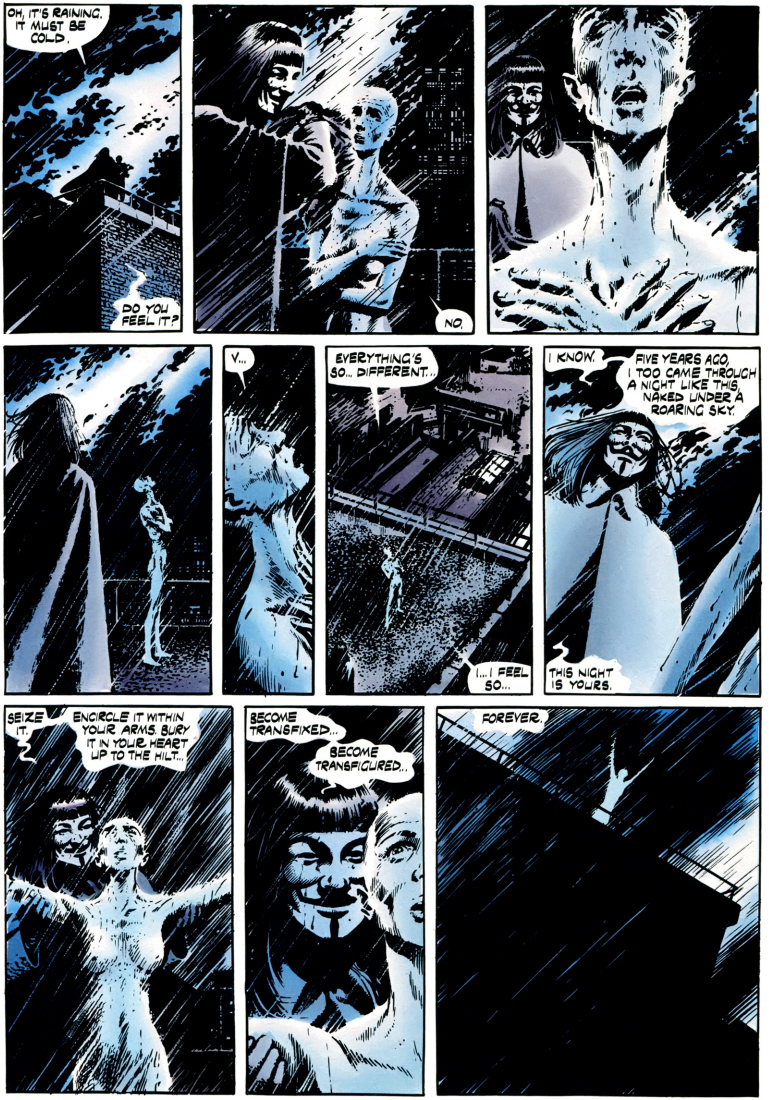

YOU.
YOU DID THIS.
TO ME. YOU DID THIS TO ME.
YOU DID THIS TO ME.
YUH-YOU...
OH GOD, OH GOD...
YUH-YOU HIT ME, AND, AND YOU CUT OFF MY HAIR...
IT WAS YOU. IT WAS JUST YOU ALL THIS TIME...
YOU... TORTURED... ME...
OH, YOU TORTURED ME...
OH GOD, WHY?
BECAUSE I LOVE YOU.
BECAUSE I WANT TO SET YOU FREE.
CHAPTER 13
VALUES

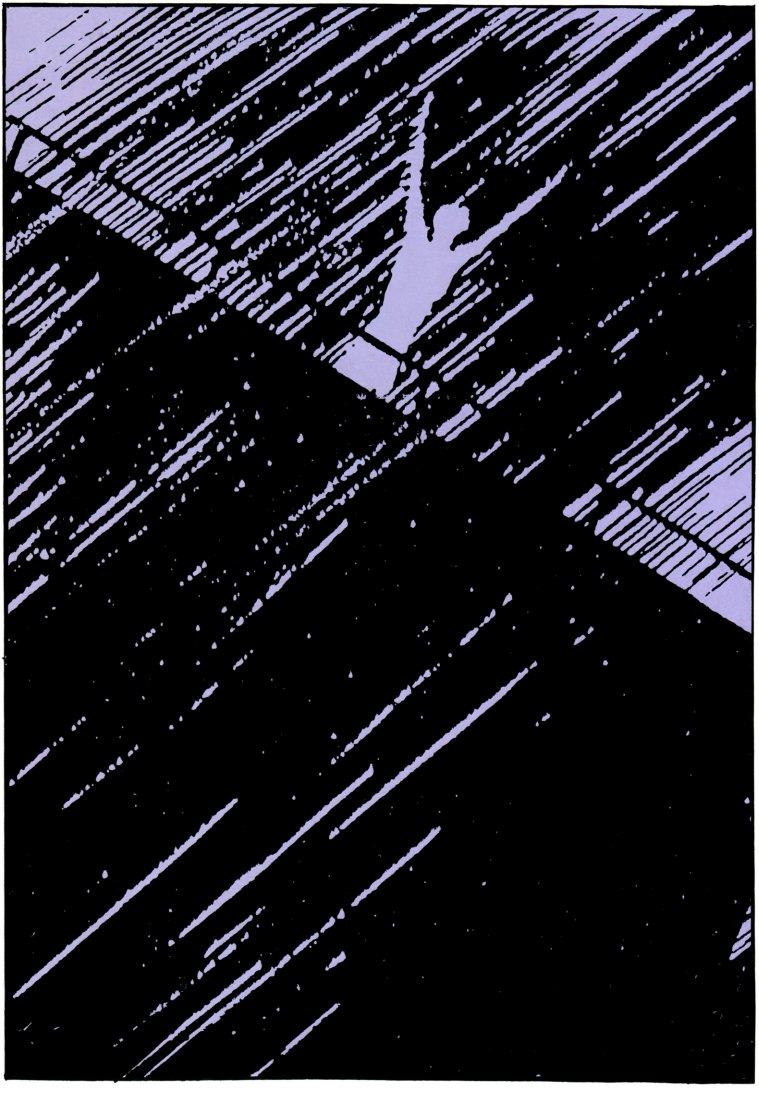
BECAUSE..?
SET ME FREE?
D-DON'T YOU REALISE?
DON'T YOU REALISE WHAT YOU DID TO ME?
YOU NEARLY DROVE ME MAD, V!
IF THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES, EVEY.
I HATE YOU.
I HATE YOU BECAUSE YOU JUST TALK JUNK AND YOU THINK YOU'RE SO GOOD THAT YOU DON'T HAVE TO MAKE ANY SENSE!
NOTHING YOU SAY MEANS ANYTHING!
YOU SAY YOU LOVE ME, AND YOU DON'T- BECAUSE YOU JUST FRIGHTEN ME AND TORTURE ME FOR A JOKE...
YOU SAY YOU WANT TO SET ME FREE AND YOU PUT ME IN A PRISON...
YOU WERE ALREADY IN A PRISON.
YOU'VE BEEN IN A PRISON ALL YOUR LIFE.
SHUT UP! I DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT! I WASN'T IN A PRISON! I WAS HAPPY!
I WAS HU-HAPPY HERE UNTIL YOU THREW ME OUT!..


HAPPINESS IS A PRISON, EVEY.
HAPPINESS IS THE MOST INSIDIOUS PRISON OF ALL.
THAT'S WARPED! THAT'S WARPED AND EVIL AND WRONG!
WHEN YOU THREW ME OUT I WENT TO LIVE WITH SOMEBODY.
I...I WAS IN LOVE WITH HIM. I WAS HAPPY.
IF THAT'S A PRISON, THEN I DON'T CARE!
DON'T YOU?
YOUR LOVER LIVED IN THE PENITENTIARY THAT WE ARE ALL BORN INTO, AND WAS FORCED TO RAKE THE DREGS OF THAT WORLD FOR HIS LIVING.
HE KNEW AFFECTION AND TENDERNESS, BUT ONLY BRIEFLY...
EVENTUALLY, ONE OF THE OTHER INMATES STABBED HIM WITH A CUTLASS AND HE DROWNED UPON HIS OWN BLOOD.
IS THAT IT, EVEY?
IS THAT THE HAPPINESS WORTH MORE THAN FREEDOM?
H-HOW DID YOU KNOW?
HOW DID YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO GORDON?
IT'S NOT AN UNCOMMON STORY, EVEY. MANY CONVICTS MEET WITH MISERABLE ENDS...
YOUR MOTHER. YOUR FATHER. YOUR LOVER.
ONE BY ONE. TAKEN OUT BEHIND THE CHEMICAL SHEDS...

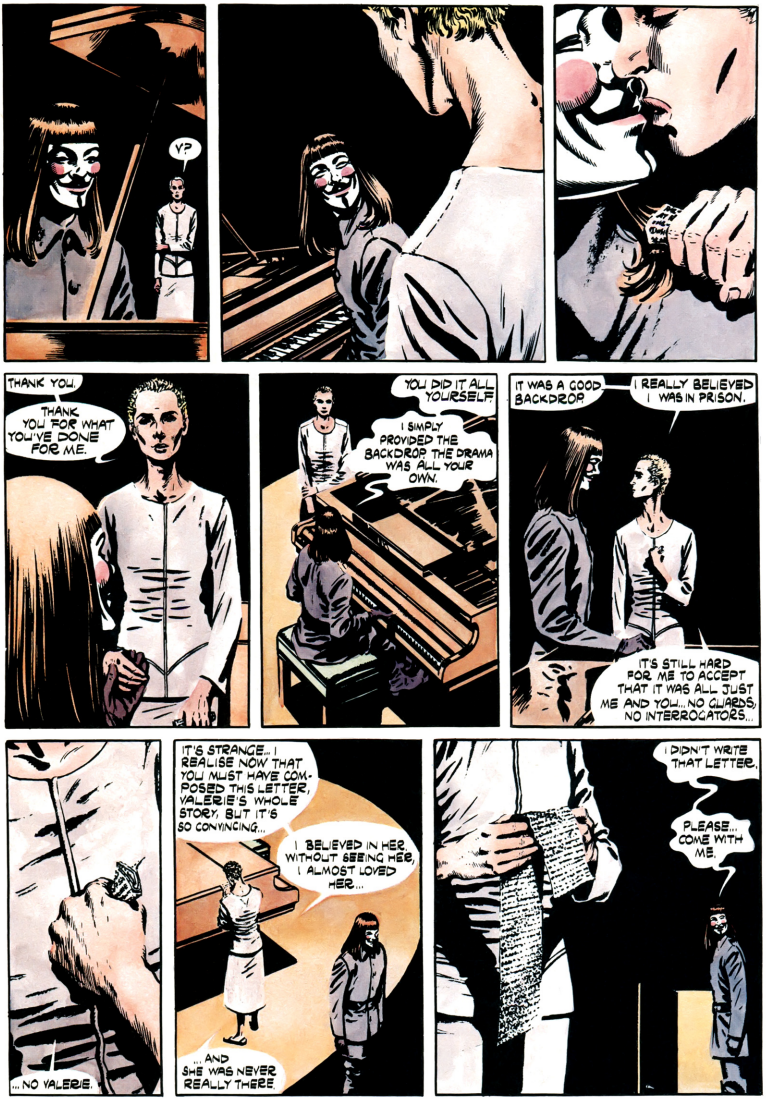
... AND SHOT.
ALL CONVICTS, HUNCHED AND DEFORMED BY THE SMALLNESS OF THEIR CELLS; THE WEIGHT OF THEIR CHAINS; THE UNFAIRNESS OF THEIR SENTENCES...
I DIDN'T PUT YOU IN A PRISON, EVEY.
I JUST SHOWED YOU THE BARS.
YOU'RE WRONG. IT'S JUST LIFE, THAT'S ALL. IT'S HOW LIFE IS. IT'S WHAT WE'VE GOT TO PUT UP WITH.
IT'S ALL WE'VE GOT. WHAT GIVES YOU THE RIGHT TO DECIDE IT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH?
YOU'RE IN A PRISON, EVEY. YOU WERE BORN IN A PRISON. YOU'VE BEEN IN A PRISON SO LONG, YOU NO LONGER BELIEVE THERE'S A WORLD OUTSIDE.
SHUT UP! YOU'RE MAD! I DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT!
THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE AFRAID, EVEY. YOU'RE AFRAID BECAUSE YOU CAN FEEL FREEDOM CLOSING IN UPON YOU. YOU'RE AFRAID BECAUSE FREEDOM IS TERRIFYING...
DON'T BACK AWAY FROM IT, EVEY. PART OF YOU UNDERSTANDS THE TRUTH EVEN AS PART PRETENDS NOT TO.
I CAN'T FEEL ANYTHING! THERE'S NOTHING TO FEEL! LEAVE ME ALONE!
WOMAN, THIS IS THE MOST IMPORTANT MOMENT OF YOUR LIFE.
DON'T RUN FROM IT.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT... YOU'RE.
OH GOD. OH GOD. I CAN'T... BREATHE...
ASTHMA... WHUH-WHEN I WAS... A LITTLE QUH-GIRL...
GOOD. YOU'RE ALMOST THERE. GO CLOSER. FEEL THE SHAPE OF IT.
YOUR MOTHER DIED. THEY TOOK YOUR FATHER AWAY. THERE'S A LITTLE GIRL, EVEY, AND SHE'S SCREAMING...
A-HUH...
AA-HUHH...
OH, MAKE IT STOP.
MUMMY, DADDY, PLEASE MAKE IT STOP!/

WHAT... ARE YOU DOING TO ME? OH, I CAN'T... BREATHE.. AUHUHH...
YOU WERE IN A CELL, EVEY. THEY OFFERED YOU A CHOICE BETWEEN THE DEATH OF YOUR PRINCIPLES AND THE DEATH OF YOUR BODY.
OH.OH, I CAN FEEL IT... OH WHAT IS IT... OH, I'M GOING TO DIE, I'M GOING TO BURST..
YOU SAID YOU'D RATHER DIE. YOU FACED THE FEAR OF YOUR OWN DEATH, AND YOU WERE CALM. AND STILL.
TRY TO FEEL NOW WHAT YOU FELT THEN...
I.... UHHHH... OH GOD...
I FELT... HUHHH...
I... FELT... LIKE... AN ANGEL...
OH GOD, V. OH GOD, I'M SO SCARED, I'M SO COLD..
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?
THE DOOR OF THE CAGE IS OPEN, EVEY.
ALL THAT YOU FEEL IS THE WIND FROM OUTSIDE. DON'T BE AFRAID.
TRY TO STAND. TRY TO WALK.
THE LIFT WILL TAKE US UP TO THE ROOF.
TO... THE ROOF..? OUTSIDE..?
I DON'T WANT... TO BE BLINDFOLDED...
NO, EVEY. NO MORE BLINDFOLDS.
ALL THE BLINDFOLDS ARE GONE.


OH, IT'S RAINING. IT MUST BE COLD.
DO YOU FEEL IT?
NO.
V...
EVERYTHING'S SO... DIFFERENT...
I...I FEEL SO...
I KNOW.
FIVE YEARS AGO, I TOO CAME THROUGH A NIGHT LIKE THIS, NAKED UNDER A ROARING SKY.
THIS NIGHT IS YOURS.
SEIZE IT.
ENCIRCLE IT WITHIN YOUR ARMS. BURY IT IN YOUR HEART UP TO THE HILT...
BECOME TRANSFIXED...
BECOME TRANSFIGURED...
FOREVER.



SEPTEMBER 3RD, 1998. THE NOSE:
SIX MONTHS, AND NOT A PEEP DO YOU THINK IT'S ALL OVER?
MR. FINCH?
HMM?
SORRY, DOMINIC. WHAT DID YOU SAY?
I... I SAID 'DO YOU THINK IT'S ALL OVER?'
ALL OVER?
YES, I SUPPOSE IT IS.
WONDERFUL BOOKS, THESE KOESTLER AND BRONOWSKI. YOU OUGHT TO READ THEM SOMETIME.
UH, YES. YES, PERHAPS I WILL...
LOOK, UH, MR. FINCH... MAYBE YOU SHOULD GO HOME NOW. I CAN LOOK AFTER THE SHOP. YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH TODAY.
COBBLERS.
I HAVEN'T DONE A STROKE SINCE I CAME BACK FROM THE EAST COAST, AND YOU KNOW IT. YOU'VE BEEN CARRYING ME.
PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT, THOUGH. PERHAPS I WILL BE GETTING ALONG NOW...
OH... I PICKED UP THE SUPPLIES FROM THE PHARMACY THAT YOU GAVE ME THAT CHITTY FOR.
PHILLIPS SAID YOU'D HAVE TO CALL BY LATER TO SIGN THE POISONS REGISTER. I SAID YOU WOULD.
HOPE THAT'S OKAY...
THAT'S FINE.
GOOD NIGHT, LAD.
CHAPTER 14
VIGNETTES
THE SHADOW GALLERY:
...THEN HE BRISKLY FRISKS THE TORN REMAINS FOR A FINGERPRINT OR CRIMSON STAINS AND ENDEAVOURS TO IGNORE THE CHAINS THAT HE WALKS IN TO HIS KNEES.


YP
THANK YOU.
THANK YOU FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR ME.
YOU DID IT ALL YOURSELF.
I SIMPLY PROVIDED THE BACKDROP. THE DRAMA WAS ALL YOUR OWN.
IT WAS A GOOD BACKDROP.
I REALLY BELIEVED I WAS IN PRISON.
IT'S STILL HARD FOR ME TO ACCEPT THAT IT WAS ALL JUST ME AND YOU... NO GUARDS, NO INTERROGATORS...
... NO VALERIE.
IT'S STRANGE... I REALISE NOW THAT YOU MUST HAVE COMPOSED THIS LETTER, VALERIE'S WHOLE STORY, BUT IT'S SO CONVINCING...
I BELIEVED IN HER WITHOUT SEEING HER, I ALMOST LOVED HER...
... AND SHE WAS NEVER REALLY THERE.
I DIDN'T WRITE THAT LETTER.
PLEASE... COME WITH ME.

It's about letting

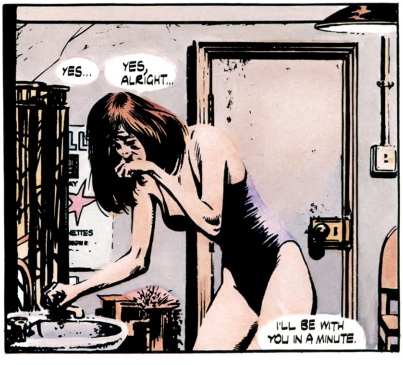
It's about letting go...

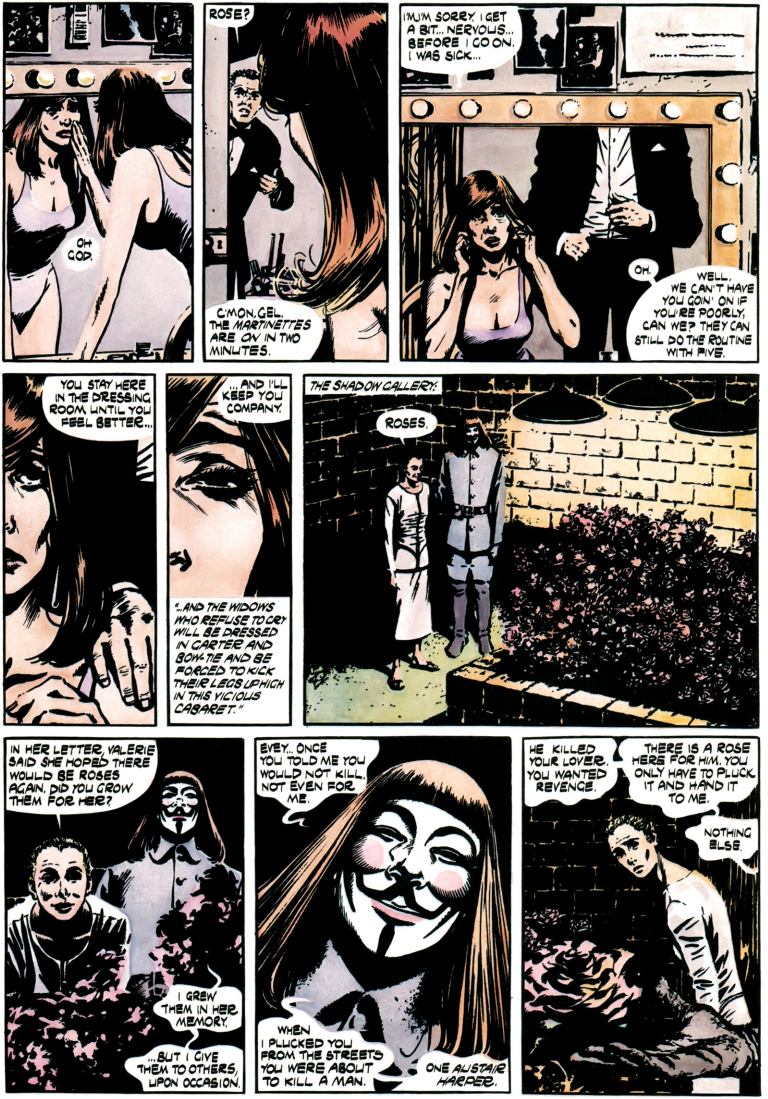
VALERIE WROTE THE LETTER, IN HER OWN HAND, WHILE SHE LIVED.
I DELIVERED IT TO YOU AS IT WAS DELIVERED TO ME. THE WORDS YOU WEPT OVER WERE THOSE THAT TRANSFORMED ME, FIVE YEARS EARLIER.

V... SHE'S BEAUTIFUL...
WHO WAS SHE?

SHE WAS THE WOMAN IN ROOM FOUR.

THE KITTY-KAT KELLER:
4
ROSIE?
ROSIE?
C'MON... WE'RE ON!


YES...
YES, ALRIGHT...
I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE.

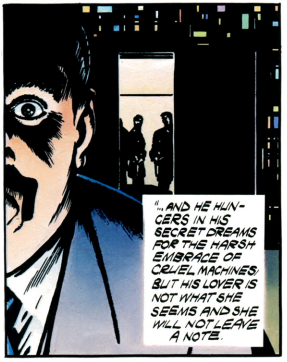

OH GOD.
ROSE?
C'MON, GEL. THE MARTINETTES ARE ON IN TWO MINUTES.
MUM SORRY I GET A BIT... NERVOUS... BEFORE I GO ON. I WAS SICK...
OH.
WELL, WE CAN'T HAVE YOU GOIN' ON IF YOU'RE POORLY, CAN WE? THEY CAN STILL DO THE ROUTINE WITH FIVE.
YOU STAY HERE IN THE DRESSING ROOM, UNTIL YOU FEEL BETTER...
...AND I'LL KEEP YOU COMPANY.
"...AND THE WIDOWS WHO REFUSE TO CRY WILL BE DRESSED IN GARTER AND BOW-TIE AND BE FORCED TO KICK THEIR LEGS UP HIGH IN THIS VICIOUS CABARET."
THE SHADOW GALLERY:
ROSES
IN HER LETTER, VALERIE SAID SHE HOPED THERE WOULD BE ROSES AGAIN. DID YOU GROW THEM FOR HER?
I GREW THEM IN HER MEMORY.
...BUT I GIVE THEM TO OTHERS, UPON OCCASION.
EVEY... ONCE YOU TOLD ME YOU WOULD NOT KILL, NOT EVEN FOR ME.
WHEN I PLUCKED YOU FROM THE STREETS YOU WERE ABOUT TO KILL A MAN.
ONE ALISTAIR HARPER.
HE KILLED YOUR LOVER. YOU WANTED REVENGE.
THERE IS A ROSE HERE FOR HIM. YOU ONLY HAVE TO PLUCK IT AND HAND IT TO ME.
NOTHING ELSE.

TO PICK A FLOWER IS NOT A LARGE THING.
IT IS EASY AS IT IS IRREVOCABLE
UNDERSTAND WHAT IS BEING OFFERED HERE, AND DO AS THOU WILT.
LET IT GROW.
THE HEAD:
LOVE YO
OU
I LOVE YOU
I LO
AA!

LEADER?

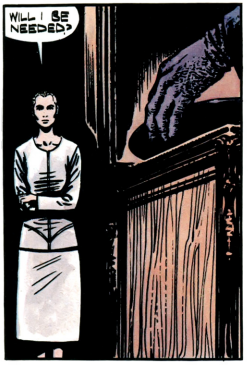
YOU CALLED OUT. ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I...

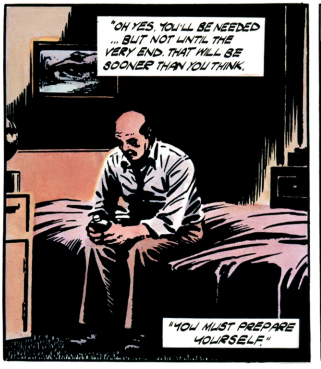
I DIDN'T CALL OUT.
I COUGHED
YOU MAY RETURN TO YOUR WORK. ENGLAND PREVAILS.

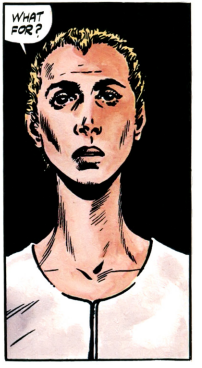

"...AND HE HUNGERS IN HIS SECRET DREAMS FOR THE HARSH EMBRACE OF CRUEL MACHINES. BUT HIS LOVER IS NOT WHAT SHE SEEMS AND SHE WILL NOT LEAVE A NOTE.

THE SHADOW CALLER:
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NEXT?

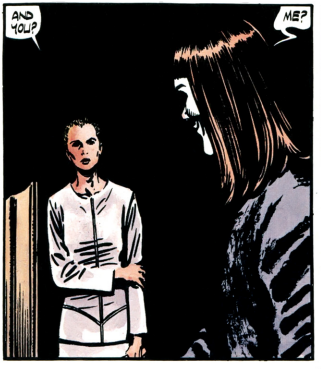
"NEXT?
"THE FINALE, I THINK.
"I THINK THE FINALE IS NEXT."


WILL I BE NEEDED?

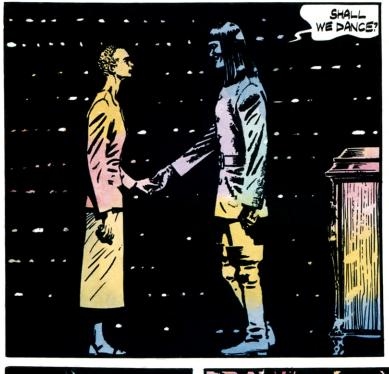

"OH YES. YOU'LL BE NEEDED ... BUT NOT UNTIL THE VERY END. THAT WILL BE SOONER THAN YOU THINK.
"YOU MUST PREPARE YOURSELF."


WHAT FOR?

"YOU'LL KNOW WHEN IT COMES."


AND YOU?
ME?

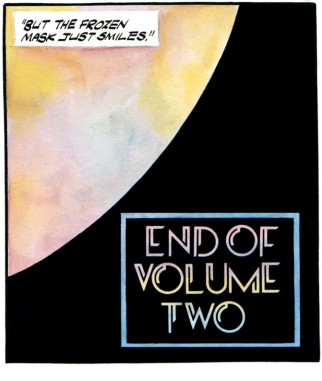
I'M GOING TO GIVE THE WORLD WHAT VALERIE WANTED IT TO HAVE...
ROSES.
A GREAT ABUNDANCE OF ROSES.


SHALL WE DANCE?

"...BUT THE BACKDROPS PEEL AND THE SETS GIVE WAY AND THE CAST GET EATEN BY THE PLAY..."

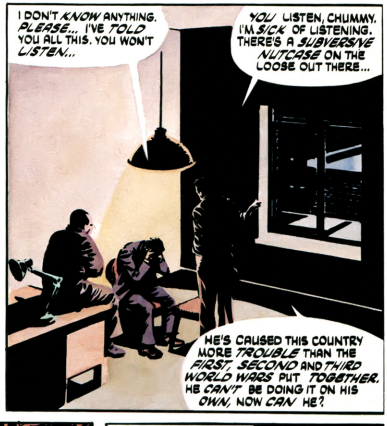
"THERE'S A MURDERER AT THE MATINEE; THERE ARE DEAD MEN IN THE AISLES..."

"AND THE PATRONS AND THE ACTORS TOO, ARE UNCERTAIN IF THE SHOW IS THROUGH AND WITH SIDELONG LOOKS AWAIT THEIR CUE..."


"BUT THE FROZEN MASK JUST SMILES."
END OF VOLUME TWO

INTERLUDE

IT IS BRITAIN, 1998. THE MILLS OF JUSTICE GRIND SLOWLY AND THEY GRIND EXCEEDING SMALL...
ONE MORE CHANCE, RYAN. ONE MORE CHANCE TO TELL US WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS "V" BLOKE...
...AND I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY MORE PORKY PIES!
...AFTER ALL, THEY DON'T CALL IT A POLICE STATE FOR NOTHING.


I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING. PLEASE... I'VE TOLD YOU ALL THIS. YOU WON'T LISTEN...
YOU LISTEN, CHUMMY. I'M SICK OF LISTENING. THERE'S A SUBVERSIVE NUTCASE ON THE LOOSE OUT THERE...
HE'S CAUSED THIS COUNTRY MORE TROUBLE THAN THE FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD WORLD WARS PUT TOGETHER. HE CAN'T BE DOING IT ON HIS OWN, NOW CAN HE?

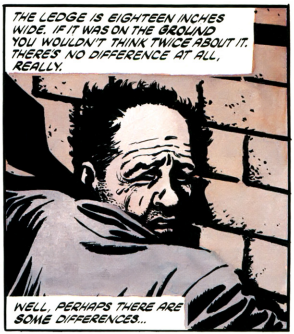
HE'S GOT TO HAVE A FIRM BACKING HIM UP. STANDS TO REASON. NOW YOU SAY THAT YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT. I SAY COBBLERS.

ALLRIGHT, RYAN. YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHANCE. I THINK IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO TAKE A WALK 'ROUND THE BLOCK.

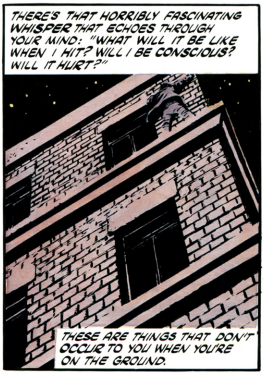
THE WINDOW'S OVER THERE. GET GOING.

THE WINDOW? WHAT'S THAT TO DO WITH...
OH MY GOD. YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS...
I DON'T HEAR ANYBODY LAUGHING. YOU HEAR ANYBODY LAUGHING?

OUT THE WINDOW, RYAN. IT'S ONLY ONCE AROUND THE BLOCK. MAYBE THE FRESH AIR WILL IMPROVE YOUR MEMORY.
OH CHRIST. YOU CAN'T DO THIS. IT ISN'T LEGAL. I'LL COMPLAIN...
YEAH, YEAH. WE'LL HAVE THE COMPLAINT FORMS WAITING WHEN YOU GET BACK.
ANYWAY, WHATSAMATTA, RYAN? YOU DROPPIN' YOUR BOTTLE?
IT'LL BE A PIECE O'CAKE, MATE. THE LEDGE IS EIGHTEEN INCHES WIDE. IF IT WAS ON THE GROUND YOU WOULDN'T THINK TWICE ABOUT IT. SEE YA LATER.
...BUT THE LEDGE ISN'T ON THE GROUND. IT'S FIFTEEN STOREYS UP. AND THE SOFT CLICK OF THE WINDOW CLOSING BEHIND HIM SOUNDS LIKE IRON DOORS SLAMMING SHUT ON HIS LIFE...
VERTIGO
I'LL TELL THE CLEAN-UP BOYS TO HAVE A BODY BAG ROUND THE FRONT IN THE MORNING. LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER CASE SUCCESSFULLY CONCLUDED FOR THE BOYS IN GREY.
YEAH? YOU RECKON THIS RYAN'S GOT SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS "V" CHARACTER, THEN?
GROW UP, JOHN. 'COURSE HE HASN'T. HE'S JUST SOME POOR PRANNET WHO TALKS ABOUT THE WRONG THINGS TOO LOUD IN THE WRONG PLACES...
NAH, I JUST HAD A BAD WEEK OF IT WITH CAROL AND THE KIDS. SHE'S GIVING ME GREEF, JOHN. I THOUGHT I'D SPREAD IT AROUND A BIT.
IT'S NO SWEAT. THERE'S NOTHING IN THE RECORDS TO SAY WE EVEN PULLED HIM IN...
...ANYWAY, WHO'S GOING TO CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO A ZERO LIKE RYAN?


THE LEDGE IS EIGHTEEN INCHES WIDE. IF IT WAS ON THE GROUND YOU WOULDN'T THINK TWICE ABOUT IT. THERE'S NO DIFFERENCE AT ALL, REALLY.
WELL, PERHAPS THERE ARE SOME DIFFERENCES...

THERE'S THAT SICK, TINGLING FEELING IN THE SOLES OF YOUR FEET. YOU DON'T GET THAT ON THE GROUND.


THERE'S THAT HORRIBLY FASCINATING WHISPER THAT ECHOES THROUGH YOUR MIND: "WHAT WILL IT BE LIKE WHEN I HIT? WILL I BE CONSCIOUS? WILL IT HURT?"
THESE ARE THINGS THAT DON'T OCCUR TO YOU WHEN YOU'RE ON THE GROUND.

... AND THEN, OF COURSE, THERE ARE THE CROSSWINDS THAT HOWL AROUND THE EDGE OF THESE TALL CONCRETE GEOMETRIES.
OH GOD. OH NO. OH GOD...
THINGS LIKE THAT NEVER OCCUR TO YOU...

... UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE.
UHHWOOOOOOOOOOO

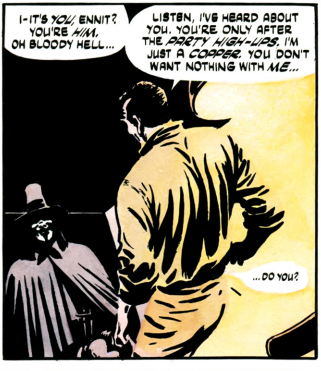
NICE NIGHT.
HE PAINTS. BLACK, GLOVED HANDS DRAG HIM TO SAFETY AND HE DOESN'T KNOW A THING ABOUT IT.

MEANWHILE...
I RECKON THE WIND WOULD HAVE HAD HIM OFF AT THE FIRST CORNER. SUPPOSE I BETTER HAVE A LOOK...
HE'S BEEN GONE TEN MINUTES NOW, COLIN. WHADYA RECKON?

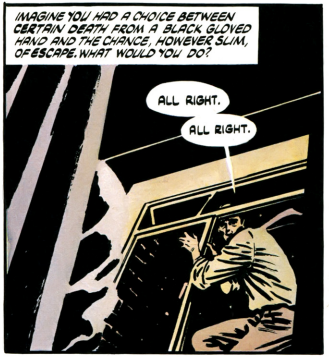
NAH. NO SIGN OF HIM. LOOKS LIKE HE DECIDED TO ENTER THE FREE-STYLE HANG-ALONG CHAMPIONSHIPS...
COME ON. LET'S HIT THE BRICKS. I'VE HAD A LONG DAY OF IT AND IF THAT COW STARTS UP THE MINUTE I'M IN THE DOOR, I'M GONNA CHIN HER.

ON SECOND THOUGHTS, HOW ABOUT STOPPING OFF AT THE OFFICER'S MESS FOR A SWIFT HALF AND A GAME OF...
JOHN?
JOHN, DID YOU JUST HEAR SOMETHING? A SORT OF...

...CRACKING NOISE?
OH, CHRIST.


I-IT'S YOU, ENNIT? YOU'RE HIM. OH BLOODY HELL...
LISTEN, I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU. YOU'RE ONLY AFTER THE PARTY HIGH-UPS. I'M JUST A COPPER. YOU DON'T WANT NOTHING WITH ME...
...DO YOU?

OH, NO. YOU CAN'T WANT ME TO...
THE OFFICERS WORKING FOR THE FINGER HAVE A NAME FOR THIS MAN. THEY CALL HIM "V". HE STRIKES WITHOUT WARNING. HE KILLS WITHOUT COMPASSION. HE IS UTTERLY DEADLY.


IMAGINE YOU HAD A CHOICE BETWEEN CERTAIN DEATH FROM A BLACK GLOVED HAND AND THE CHANCE, HOWEVER SLIM, OF ESCAPE. WHAT WOULD YOU DO?
ALL RIGHT.
ALL RIGHT.

... AND AFTER A FEW MOMENTS, THE MAN WHO NEVER STOPS SMILING QUIETLY CLOSES THE WINDOW. HE CANNOT ABIDE DRAFTS.
OF COURSE, THE DRAFTS INSIDE ARE NOTHING...

COMPARED TO THE ONES OUTSIDE...
INSPECTOR COLIN CLARKE HAS WORKED FOR THE FINGER SINCE IT WAS FORMED IN 1992, SIX YEARS AGO. BEFORE THAT HE WAS A SOLDIER.

HE HAD TO COPE WITH WORSE THAN THIS. ON HIS TRAINING COURSES. MUCH WORSE. HE CAN MAKE IT. HE KNOWS HE CAN.
AFTER ALL, EIGHTEEN INCHES IS A LOT OF ROOM. IF IT WAS ON THE GROUND YOU WOULDN'T THINK TWICE ABOUT IT...

HE TAKES A STEP. HE TAKES ANOTHER STEP. AGAIN. AGAIN...
THERE IS THE MAN. THERE IS THE LEDGE. THERE IS THE DISMAL DRONE OF THE WIND. THE UNCARING GLIMMER OF THE DISTANT STARS...

BEYOND THAT THERE IS ONLY SLAPSTICK. HE TAKES A STEP...
SLAPSTICK. THINGS LIKE THAT NEVER OCCUR TO YOU...

UNTIL IT'S FAR TOO LATE...

NORWEST HOUSE
SECURITY AND SURVEILLANCE ANNEXE
WEST HOUSE
VINCENT

PAGE, VALERIE SUSAN
PAGE, VALERIE SUS
Date of Birth
Religion:

STAIRS
4TH. FLOOR
LIFTS
STAI
SECURITY CONFERENCE ROOM N

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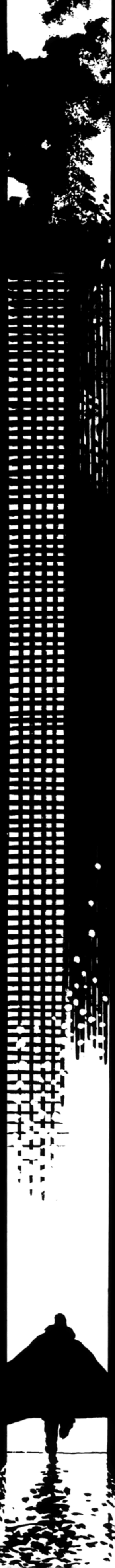

THE PROLETARIAT

REMEMBER, REMEMBER THE 5TH OF NOVEMBER.